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HOOD'S OWN.

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL

THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.

1870.

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PREFACE.

My first idea, on sitting down to prepare a preface for the Second Series of "Hood's Own," was to have recourse to my father's prefaces to the old "Comic Annuals," those "Anniversaries of the Literary Fun" (as their wrapper designated them), whose opening speeches I felt sure would be far better than anything I could devise. But any such intention was nipped in the bud by the first one I opened upon. There I found the following passage :—

"Nothing is more difficult than to address the Public annually on the same subject: a fact well understood by the Beadle of my old precinct of St. M***** B*****, who, as usual, presented me at Christmas tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the scriptural doggerel, however, which

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used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of Elegant Extracts from our Standard Authors ; and by no means a bad assortment, if our Scarabæus Parochialis had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that Parnassus, in fact, was not in

his Parish, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our British Bards to his Carol. For instance, Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was thus made to do duty after this fashion.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be!

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Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds!

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign!

* * * * *

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the apple-women's stalls away!

* * * * *

Yet e'en their bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * * *

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn!

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he!

The next *with hat and staff, and new array,*
Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou cans't read) the lay
He always brings upon a Christmas morn!

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And never failed on Sundays to attend!

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road."

Of course the perusal of this at once pointed out to me, that in stringing together the old "Comic Addresses," I

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should be as involuntarily comic as John Bugsby, the Parish Beadle.

Not without some regret, therefore, that those most laughable yearly prologues should lapse by lapse of time, I have determined to confine myself in these preliminary observations to the materials and the form of the volume they are to accompany.

The time of Annuals is gone by. The "Forget-me-not" is forgotten, the "Souvenir" has passed from remembrance, and "Friendship's Offering" no longer, like "Friendship's Volunteered Advice," goes in at one year and comes out at the other.

The First Series of "Hood's Own" may be said to have marked the very time when the change in the issue of periodicals took place. Public opinion preferred a monthly number to a yearly volume, and the publications bowed to the decree. The "Forget-me-not" and others of its class left no representatives—but the "Comic" found a successor in the monthly shilling number of "Hood's Own"—the humour being checked in one place only to break out in another.

But the "Comics" were not entirely exhausted when unexpected circumstances brought the issue of the "Hood's Own" numbers to a stand-still. Ample materials were still left to assist in the formation of a Second Series.

Although Thomas Hood has been dead fifteen years, his fame, instead of dying out, is on the increase:—indeed, Time has rather added to, than obscured his popularity, and his writings find an ever-increasing circle of readers in England, while in America he is almost better known than in his own country.

Under these circumstances, and in compliance with a very general wish on the part of the public, it has been

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determined to publish a collected edition of his works as complete and uniform as circumstances will allow.

As regards the present volume, the more immediate subject of this preface, it will be seen that various reasons —the number of wood-cuts chiefly—render it necessary to present it to the public in a form which it would not be convenient to continue through the whole series of works. With the exception, however, of the two volumes of "Hood's Own," the collection will be uniform.

This, then, is the cause of the embodiment of "Whims and Oddities" with "Hood's Own." They could not, with their illustrations, be included in the projected series. The cuts of "Up the Rhine," (the text of which will be shortly reprinted) are, for a similar reason, incorporated in the present volume.

Thus far for the illustrations—for the letter-press we have had recourse to the old "London," "Hood's Magazine," the "Whimsicalities," "Whims and Oddities," and to four or

FIVE "COMIC ANNUALS."

T. H.

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"MIRTH, ADMIT ME OF YOUR CREW."

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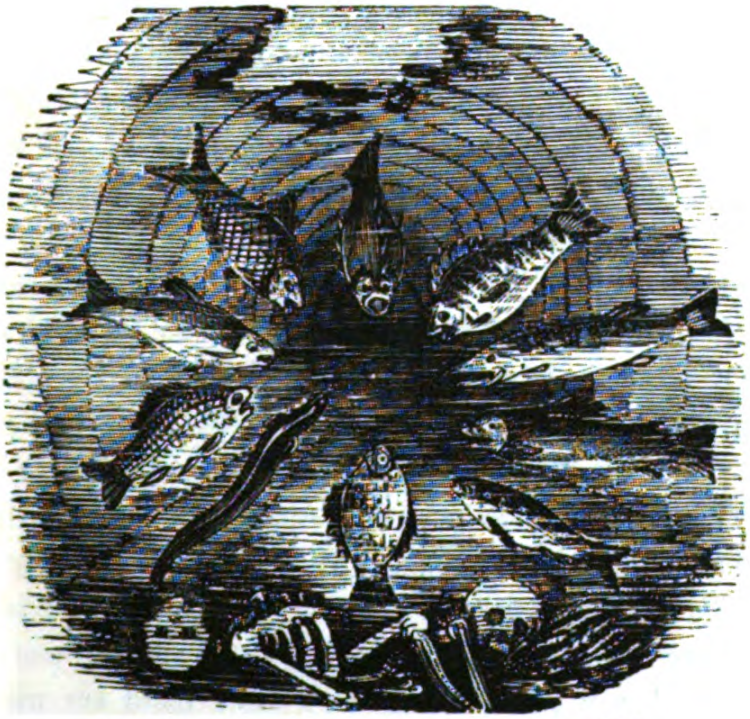
HOOD'S OWN:

OR, LAUGHTER FROM YEAR TO YEAR.



SHAREHOLDERS OF THE THAMES TUNNEL, A.D. 1938.

REVIEW.

The Rambles of Piscator. By SYLVANUS SUBURBAN. Fisher. London. 1837.

To sit down soberly to review a work upon Fishing is out of the question. At the very first piscatory paragraph, the angling rod swallows up the critical ditto, and we cannot write a single line till we have wetted one. That is precisely our temptation at present, and there is no remedy, except like other sporting gentlemen when they are troubled with their books, to levant.

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So away we go—at a right angle—stop us who can! Out of the way all Printer's Devils, or we will give you the butt! We can look at no proofs but water-proofs in the shape of boots. Now for our fustians, and now for our hats—but wherefore retain the critical plural, when the first person singular is quite sufficient for the Contemplative Man's Recreation?—Indeed most amateurs prefer, with Coriolanus, to do it alone!

I have grasped my implement, then; pocketed my tackle, and am armed all ready for the start — but whither? I will set up my rod on end and be determined by its fall. There!—Due North! A divining rod, by Jove! What a mysterious instinct in hazel!—why, that's the New River! So much the better, for to that Middletonian stream I am indebted, as Filch says, for my education. I could go the way blindfold. Up Hatton-Garden down Something Hill, across What-d'ye-call-it-Square, along Thingamy Row, then through So-and-So Fields—but alas! I see they are bricked over!—and then Sadler's Wells! Yes, that building before me was formerly dear funny Joe Grimaldi's old Theatre, and those tavern gardens behind me used to be Little Vauxhall. But I can't stop to moralise. Hollo there! you in the cord'roys!—But there are nine in cord'roys—You in the ragged cap—but there are four in ragged caps—you in the blue pinafore then,—a shilling for that paper of worms. There's your money—and now be off to your book, for it's any odds to nothing that you're a truant. That Doctor's boy will go along with you—there are no roaches here—and besides the little Hoopers have been coughing the last hour for their Roach's embrocation.

Now then I'm set up for bait. A few gentles wouldn't be amiss, but that hobble-de-hoy in raw pork-sausage colour, with skyblue sleeves, and a tray on his head, says "he never know'd 'em so blow'd scarce." Now then for the height of human felicity, at least in these parts; a live gudgeon in a gallipot!

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But stop—that's a valuable hint from the tall charity-boy, to spit first in the water for luck! So—my float is launched. There's a big fellow yonder laughing at me, may be one of the Stockbridge Club, or Christopher North himself, but I don't care a split shot. "The London Angler," as Salter says, "is ridiculed by none but the Shallows." The fewer the fins the more skill in bagging them. The fishes here know what fishing is. They don't shut their eyes and open their mouths; good reason why! for most of them have had a warning or two about worms and a few gentle hints about gentles. They're shyer than those in the Lea, and there they are uncommonly wary, even on this side of Ware. As for New River fish, some of them have had such experience, I verily believe they know a Kendal hook from a Kirby. It's next to impossible to worm yourself into their confidence; and if you can't take them in, of course you won't take them out.

The New River is a free fishery, and never without plenty to take up their freedom. Let's just count heads. There are seven charity boys, two men, four young blackguards and three young gentlemen on the other side—and one old gentleman (that's me), four errand-boys, two doctor's ditto, two butcher's ditto, a climbing boy, and a little boy in petticoats, on this. Now look at the bridge. There are three lads sitting on the coping, another sweep holding on by the iron rails, and next to him a lathy chap with white nightcap, white face, white jacket, white apron, white stockings, and whitish shoes, hanging over the stream like the Flour of Yarrow. Now I think of it, it's my remark that of all the fisher-boys I have ever seen I never yet noticed a Jew boy. The old curse prohibiting rest for the sole of the foot is perhaps too much against it, for New River angling is, it must be confessed, of the still description. But hush—there is something at me, or something like it. I say, Butcher, which of those green and white floats is mine? "Vich-ever I

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pulls up!"—Thankee, but they both pulls up at once. The tackle in this republican free and easy water is wonderfully given to fraternize. There!—we're all clear—*somehow*—but as the butcher has broken his top-joint he thinks it is time to deliver the joint of mutton. Another nibble—not at me though, but at the little boy. Ah, the climbing gentleman is right, it is

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

"ony a veed!" But don't go away, little boy—never give up —the last time I was here I almost caught a bleak! There! —I told you so: there's a bite at somebody over the way. Huzza! that's right! All strike at once and you're sure to have him. There he comes—and now for a wrangle. No less than three lines have sworn to cling to each other through thick and thin, and up they fly all in a tangle. Now then for the old remedy, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Go it,

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Gut! Tug away, Horse hair! Hold on, Hemp! String wins! What a pity the Stockbridge man is gone away! Well, an' what is it? The old answer: "I don't know, but it's either a gudgeon, or a perch, or a chub!" No matter—put it into the basket; but as usual you've got no basket, and I doubt if the baker will sell you his. It's the first fish, however, and a very fine one for the place.

Well done, Muffin-cap number nineteen!—but now you must cut out, for you have no right to distress the water. I can tell you for your comfort it's the biggest I ever saw pulled out there except one, and that was years and years ago. He was full six inches long and couldn't be unhooked for want of a disgorger, that nobody had the thought to bring—so the lucky one carried him home to Barbican hanging just as he was, and a whole mob of people after him. How he was ever let grow to such a size I can't guess, unless he lived up a mainpipe. You've had glorious sport, so good bye—but yes, you're right, show the great fish to everybody before you go. It's a sight for sore eyes hereabouts—but hush, there's one at me, as big as yours perhaps; who knows? Ah, I didn't give him time enough, but we all strike too soon or too late in this water.

I say, Sweeper, keep out of my swim! Talking of striking, I never knew exactly till now what a striking countenance is; but that baker never twitches up his line without twitching up his nose and mouth along with it. What an ardent love of the art in every line of his face! He is quite in earnest—mind your eye, Fur-Cap! for he strikes as if he'd pull up the bottom. I'll lay my life—but, Mercy on us! where's the little boy—where's the little unbreech'd? There'll be distracted parents somewhere—who saw him last? Such a genteel little fellow too—and so young—I shall never forgive myself—but hark! I hear a small voice—Lord! here he is sure enough, fishing between my legs! It has made me nervous though; my hand

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shakes like a perpetual nibble, and I shan't lose the notion all day of fallings in. I don't half like that fellow's seat upon the wooden rail. When cord'roys get glazed behind they're very slippy, as I know to my cost. I once had two famous hidings, three good kickings, a proper whacking, a regular wallopping, a rare bloody nose, and a precious black eye, for only tumbling in at that very spot! It's no joke my little master, for all your

SON-SET COMPOSITION.

laughing. I once saw a little fellow slip in here, just your size; and what do you think he said when he was pulled out? Why he said, "I'll tell my mother!" and you'll be just as angry with everybody in the world if you slip in. So do go home, little boy—for you're fatal to my peace of mind—and you may come again when you're breeched. Put up, little boy, there's a man—but what is that fellow singing out, four off? Who'll lend you a worm? Why, I will. But mind, I expect to be paid

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honestly; and I live at Brompton! There's a very likely one—and I cry halves, whatever you catch. Mayhap if the weather would only be so kind as to mizzle a little—zounds! what a devil of a splash! Ah! just what I expected—say I told you so. The enthusiastic baker has gone in after a gudgeon that slipped off his hook. Thank heaven he has learned to swim,—yes, that's right, lend him a hand to help him out, but then get away from him as fast as you can, unless you are sworn friends and have promised to stick to him. He'll be all over paste! And now, between me and myself, all fishing will be done for hereabouts; and so, as the policemen say, I'll move on. High time too—the loan of that worm has done my business—I've got too liberal a character for the neighbourhood. There are two more I see quite out of baits,—and yonder's a muffin-cap making towards me with a line minus a hook. So I wish you all, gentlemen, a tacit good morning.

Owen's Row, here, used to be a comfortable spot, with its dwarf-wall to sit upon; but the last time I enjoyed it, a Quaker lady, at number nine, red me a lecture all the time from her balcony. "You think you are fishing," says she, "but you're being fished for, &c. &c., and if you once bite at the Old Serpent," &c. &c. So I'll just step across the City Road. The air's particularly wholesome, opposite Rhodes's Cow Lair,—and thereby hangs a tale. The fact happened at the very spot where I am now standing—and so I'll just tell it to anybody that likes stories, while I put on a finer line.

Well, it was nigh six o'clock, and my old friend Corkindale, very well dressed of course, was on his way to the Wells. There was to be a New Grand Aquatic Spectacle, and as usual with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkindale was to meet with another Entertainment in the same element, not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when, all at once, he perceived something floating in the river which,

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if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and in a moment the little man, perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit, was plunging into the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved, as expected, to be a human body, not yet a corpse; in short, he had the happiness of prolonging the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance that he abandoned all intention of going to the Theatre. So far so good; and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkindale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a Silver Medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a Miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or wherever else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity—and, above all, he haunted the scene of his former exploit, under the very common expectation that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality. And, curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realised.

PONDER'S END.

At the same hour, on the same day of the week of the same month, as before, I was walking with him on our road to the Wells, when lo and behold! at the identical spot we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to have

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disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly; though he was able to intimate by signs that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases every moment is precious; and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under, indeed so

FLOATING CAPITAL.

long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged; but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search rather more to the left—which was with the current. Accordingly down went Corkindale, a second time, in the direction pointed out; but with no better success; and when he came up again between agitation and exertion he was almost

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exhausted. At last he was just able to articulate "Gracious heaven!—Nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy, in the meantime, seemed extreme. "Laws bless you, Sir, for ever and ever," said he, "for going in, Sir—but do just try again—pray, pray do, Sir!" Corkindale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt—"tell me—man or woman?" "Oh! how good on you, Sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope—"Oh how very, very good on you, Sir. But it's nobody, Sir, but a nook!—a nook for fishing!—And O Lord! O Cri—! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another!"

And now to return to the book before us. It closely resembles all other works of the same class: and the remarks we have made upon any one of the family will apply equally to "The Rambles of Piscator, by Sylvanus Suburban."

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

In his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides;
And he mounts him, still under the spell;
Then, with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

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Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

A MEDIA-NOCHE.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound,
Whilst the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

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To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dress'd;
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;
And, whatever their bore,
Seem to think it one more
In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
Fire no volley at all,
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;
And the eagles, poor things,
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

"PIE-BALD."

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey:
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they!

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So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon, polite;
But instead of a loyal endeavour
To reply with a cheer;
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seem'd to say, "*Nap* for ever!"

CLUBS,

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs! Clubs! part 'em! part 'em! Clubs! Clubs!"
Ancient Cries of London.

Of all the modern schemes of Man,
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all agree
They hardly know their hubs;
And heart and voice unite with me,
"We hate the name of Clubs!"

One selfish course the Wretches keep;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—
Then take their hats, and post away,
Like Clerks or City scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day,—
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs!

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On what they say, and what they do,
They close the Club-House gates;
But one may guess a speech or two,
Though shut from their debates:
"The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—
The Children noisy grubs—
A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore"—
Yes,—that's the style at Clubs!

"TO LADIES' EYES AROUND, BOYS!"

With Rundle, Doctor K., or Glasse,
And such Domestic Books,
They once put up—but now, alas!
It's hey! for foreign cooks!

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"When *will* you dine at home, my Dove?"
I say to Mister Stubbs,—
"When Cook can make an omelette, love,—
An omelette like the Clubs!"

Time was, their hearts were only placed
On snug domestic schemes,
The book for two—united taste,—
And such connubial dreams,—
Friends dropping in at close of day
To singles, doubles, rubs,—
A little music—then the tray—
And not a word of Clubs!

But former comforts they condemn;
French kickshaws they discuss,
They take their wine, the wine takes them,
And then they favour us:—
From some offence they can't digest,
As cross as bears with cubs,
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—
That's how they come from Clubs!

It's very fine to say "Subscribe
To Andrews'—can't you read?"
When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,
Complain how they proceed!
They'd better recommend at once
Philosophy and tubs,—
A woman need not be a dunce
To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,
Would seek us now and then—
They're pretty pattern-Benedicts
To guide our single men!

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Indeed my daughters both declare
"Their Beaux shall not be subs.
To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—
They've seen enough of Clubs!"

They say, "*without* the marriage ties,
They can devote their hours
To catechize or botanize—
Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—
Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,
Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,
Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—
As Wives do since the Clubs."

CLUBS LEAD.

Alas! for those departed days
Of social wedded life,
When married folks had married ways,
And lived like Man and Wife!
Oh! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—
As safe a lock as Chubb's!
But couples, that should be as one,
Are now the Two of Clubs!

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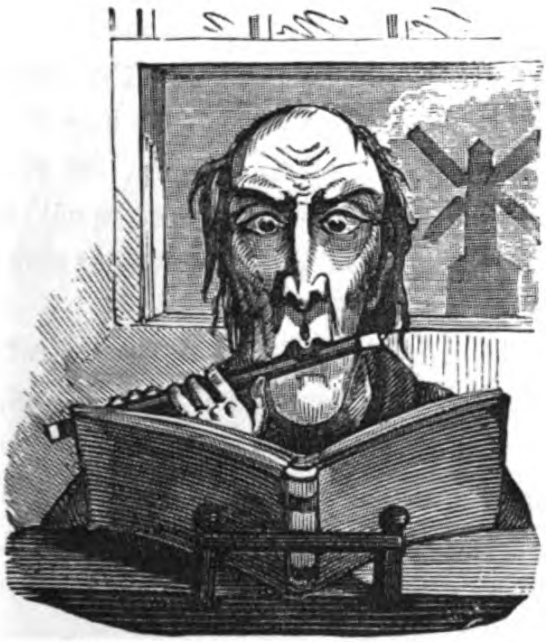
Of all the modern schemes of man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all allow
They meet with slights, and snubs,
And say, "They have no husbands now,—
They're married to their Clubs!"



"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

A NEW SONG FROM THE POLISH.

It was my good fortune, one day, in a casual ramble through Deptford, to encounter an old, whimsical, frost-bitten Tar, with whom I had made a slight Somerset House acquaintance. He was a North-Poler, by name Drury, but surnamed ex-officio "Why Then?" and the recent return of the late Arctic Ex-

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pedition affording us a congenial topic, I immediately broke the ice:—"Well, Drury, what do you think of the last exploring job in the North?"

"Why, then, your Honour," said Drury, taking up a talking position, "to speak my private mind, it's much the same as I said to you a year ago in the Navy Pay. It's come to the same bad end as all afore it, and as all will come to that come arter it, by trying to find what's not to be found—no, not if you took out the Town Crier."

"You stick to the old opinion, then, Drury, that the Arctic Pole is nothing but an Arctic *Gull?*"

"Why then—yes, your Honour,—something between a gull and no bird at all. Since I see you last, I've turned it over and over, and took double turns of it, and by help of scripture larnings, which is worth all other larnings, ten times over, not excepting navigation, I've been able to make out the pint."

"Indeed, Drury! Then you will perhaps give an old friend the benefit of the decision."

"Why then, your Honour, it's my own argument entirely; and here it is. As for the Frozen Ocean, it's my belief, Natur would never act so agin natur, as stick a sea where there was no earthly use for it whatsomever, whether to King's ships, or to Marchantmen, or any craft you like, by reason of the ice. That I call making Cape Clear."

"And what then, Drury?"

"Why then, it stands to reason, and stands well too, on both legs, that there never was no sea at all in them high latitudes, afore the Great Flood. Whereby, there came sich a spring tide of the Atlantic, as went over and above all the old water-marks, and so made the Frozen Ocean. That's my own private notion, and not agin Gospel nor geografy neither."

"But what has that to do, Drury, with the existence of the Pole?"

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"Why then—all the *do* in the world, your Honour. Give in to that, and the t'other comes arter it, like a ship's boat towing in her wake. That 'ere sea, time out of mind, has been called the Arctic Sea, and good reason why, because it was named arter the Ark, by Noah, when he diskivered it in his first voyage. That's Philosophy!"

"But the Pole, Drury, the Pole!"

BARE CIVILITY.

"Why then—Ah, there it is!" returned Drury, with a face almost too grave to be serious. "For sartin, Captain Parry couldn't find it—and no more could Captain Ross, though he don't stick to say he did—and now there's Captain Back come home, third, without a splinter. Howsomever the Schollards—and nobody can say they don't take lots of licking—the Schollards do still insist and lay down that there was, is, and shall be, some sort of a pole, as a May pole, or a Shaving pole, or any how a bit of a spar, or even such a comedown as a walking-stick, stuck upright at their favourite spot.

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I have even heard say, there be Schollards as look for a wooden needle there, accordin' to magnetism!"

"And what may be your own belief, Drury, on the point?"

"Why then,—to be sure, your Honour, there's no denying what phenomenons there might be, oceans ago, on the face of the earth. But it's my own private opinion, if ever there was sich a pole, there, or thereabouts, why then, old Admiral Noah carried it away with him for a pole to stir up 'his wild beasts!'"

This new and original theory of Drury's of course amused me extremely. It was perhaps only one of the dry jokes for which the shrewd old Mariner was rather celebrated; but in that case he enjoyed it only in the *coekles* of his heart, for it was not betrayed by his *muscles*. I now asked him his opinion of the conduct of the late Expedition.

"Why then—your honour, nothing but a fresh credit to the Service. The men have showed themselves good men, and so has their commander; and they do seem to have had their full allowance, and something handsome besides, of nips, and pinches, besides the ship's trying to climb up an iceberg after a booby's nest, and what was more awkward starn-foremost."

"And I have been told, Drury," said I, willing to still draw him out, "that all through the winter, she had nothing for winter clothing, but a *great coat* of ice!"

"Why then — so I heard too, your Honour," returned Drury, but without even the twinkle of an eye. "And what's more, with only ould Bluff Pint for a Cape to it. That's what I call a naked-next."

"I have often envied the feelings of such as you, Drury, after a merry Christmas among the bears, when you first saw your way open to return."

"Why then, — we did saw our way, sure enough," said Drury, wilfully misunderstanding me, "and it's harder work than fiddling, saw what tune you like. I've had a good spell of

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it in my time, and prefer any other sort of fun to it—letting alone riding horseback, in a hurry, a chasing the Portsmouth Mail. That's work and overwork—Why then, it's scaldings, the bosen's cat, and take-me-and-shake-me, all rolled into one!"

"So I'm told, Drury. But I still think the other Expedition must be worse. They say, Captain Back was so glad to see Papa Westra again, that he nearly wrung the old gentleman's hand off at the wrist."

DISTRESSED SHIPOWNERS.

"Why then—no doubt on it, your Honour! And mayhap the shake communicated to a round dozen of hands arter the first, like the shock of a torpedor—that's to say the 'lecteral

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heel. There's not sich a pleasant green lane in life, including the sububs, as the first lane of open water arter wintering;—and in course Capting Back, arter making sich a back-stay, would be joyful to be a bolt-rope and bolt out on it. That's only human natur,—all the world over and back."

"Then, Drury, the hardships of a Polar wintering have not been magnified by their Journalists!"

"Magnified!" exclaimed Drury, with the air of a personal offence in the word—"Magnified! Why then they haven't book'd half on it—and that's the half us poor fellows come into at coming home. Axing your Honour's pardon—why then you have never had the bad luck to be drownded?"

"Never, Drury, whatever other catastrophe Fate may have in store for me."

"Why then, your Honour, you have lost all the pleasure and comfort of being fetched back; and an infernal sight of pain it is:—worse, if worse can be, nor saddleback. So it is with the Polers;—but it has been put into better shore-going lingo than I was apprenticed to—and so—why then, here goes!" So saying, without further preface or apology, My Ancient Mariner began to tune his pipes; and then favoured me, to the tune of "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," with the following ditty. N. B. or *Notaries* Beware—the words are copywright.

THE OLD POLER'S WARNING.

COME, messmates, attend to a warning,
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It's the shocks very hard and unpleasing
You'll meet on returning to port.

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It's joyful to sail up the Channel,
And think of your girls and your wives,
Of the warming-pans, Wallsend and flannel,
To comfort the rest of your lives!
But Lord! you will look like a ninny
To find, when to shore you have got,
That Old England is turned into Guinea,
It feels so confoundedly hot!

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,
To houses you lived at before,
And you find there is no sort of stopping
Without open windows and door!
Then Poll, if dispos'd to be cruel,
Or has got some one else in her grace,
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,
And drives you smack out of the place!

There's Tomkins, that took for to grapple
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,
Is half crazy he can't go to chapel,
It's so like Calcutta's Black Hole!
And Block, tho' he's not a deceiver,
But knows what to marriage belongs,
His own wife he's obleeg'd for to leave her,
Because of her poker and tongs.

Myself, tho' I'm able at present
To bear with one friend at a time,
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,
At first I was plagued with the clime.
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,
And whistled for winds fore and aft,
While I set between two open winders
A-courting a cold thorough-draught!

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The first time in bed I was shoven,
The moment I pillow'd my head,
Oh! I thought I had crept in an oven,
A-baking with all of the bread!
I soon left the blankets behind me,
And ran for a cooler retreat;—
But next morning the Justices fin'd me
For taking a snooze in the street!

"ALL HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

Now, there was a chance for a feller!
No roof I could sleep under twice;
Till a Fishmonger let me his cellar,
Of course with the use of the ice.

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But still, like old hermits in stories,
I found it a dullish concarn;
With no creature, but maids and John Dories,
To listen to spinning a yarn!

Then wanting to see Black-Ey'd Susan,
I went to the Surrey with Sal;
And what next?—in the part most amusin',
I fainted away like a gal!
Well, there I was stretched without motion,
No smells and no fans would suffice,
Till my natur at last gave a notion
To grab at a gentleman's ice!

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning
From one who has gone through the whole,
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court;
It's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,
You'll meet on returning to port!

HINTS TO THE HORTICULTURAL.

It is always dangerous—as landsmen experience when they advise seamen—for a mere theorist to offer suggestions to practical men. It is quite as perilous—as bachelors discover in counselling mothers—for the simple speculator to volunteer advice to practical women; and, therefore, it must be doubly hazardous for one not even a tyro, to throw out hints to practical persons of both sexes, as in the present case. Indeed, I almost

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blush like a "scarlet likeness" of myself, while recollecting my very slender claims on their attention. If the usual qualification of a horticulturist—a plant bearing his patronymic—were to be called for, I could not produce a sprout or a sprig indebted to my sponsorship. To say nothing of such "lofty growths" as *my* Queen Margaret, *my* Princess of Orange, or *my* Duke of Nassau, the British Flora never heard of so much as *my* Chickweed, *my* Groundsell, or *my* Dandelion. I never cultivated a common Daisy; and for any budding or blossoming desert on my part, a black "ball of earth" would justly exclude me from even a Candy-Tuft-Club.

It is venturing, then, on a soil to which I am neither indigenous nor adapted; nevertheless, at the risk of being called a "straggler," I will venture to bring forward a few plain rules, founded on personal observation and study, and directed to points hitherto not touched upon, from the voluminous encyclopedias down to the dwarf works on Botany. They are addressed especially to those humble practitioners who garden without gardens, and play at the Floral Games without the costly appendages of greenhouses; the Conservatives, so to speak, without conservatories. Many hundreds of such amateurs exist in London and the suburbs; particularly females, who, disdaining the resource of Covent Garden, as well as the supply of the itinerant posy-people, indulge in the innocent ambition of growing their own geraniums, stocks, and mignonette. Hitherto, however, they have proceeded on desultory principles; and it is with a view of inducing them to adopt a more scientific method, and proceed by fixed rules, that I present to their notice a few hints derived from my ambulatory Note-Book.

The technical terms, as well as the phrases marked as quotations, are borrowed from the only herbaceous volume in my library,—"Paxton's Magazine of Botany."

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Rule the First.

To produce a "Blow" from Plants at any Season of the Year.

Select a lofty house, in the most airy situation you can find—the corner of a street to be preferred. Any month in the calendar will do; but the best time is towards Lady Day or Michaelmas; that is to say, about the Equinox. The higher the windows are from the earth the better; your plants cannot have

BOTANISING—A DOG PLANT.

too much air. Avoid, however, all iron bars, wooden rails, strings, or other contrivances, which only tend to cramp and confine the pots, and impede the blowing. As to plants, the

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"hard woody sorts" are reckoned to "strike best and strongest;"—they must be potted in large-sized pots, and particularly well sticked. Keep them in the room, but not too near the fire, and water occasionally, till a favourable opportunity offers for their exposure to the fresh air, which cannot be too fresh. In winter, a wind from the north or north-east and in summer from the south, or south-west, is generally found to answer the purpose; but the quarter is indifferent, provided the current of air is brisk enough.

Now put out your plants, so as to receive the full benefit of the breeze; and in a short time you may expect a blow which will sometimes come to such a pitch, that your plants will excite the attention and astonishment of the passengers in the street. Some persons, of course, will be more struck than others by the beauty or size of your plants; and in such cases it is usual to make a distribution of offsets and specimens to the public. A liberal amateur, indeed, will not grudge to see a few ladies and gentlemen making off with pipings and cuttings. N.B. "The plants need not be taken in at night."

Rule the Second.

To destroy Vermin in the most effectual Manner.

One of the great objects of the Florist ought to be to cleanse his plants thoroughly from blights, animalculæ, &c., in such a manner as to avoid all chance of *re-infection*. For this purpose, the best situation is a first-floor in a well-frequented street;—a balcony will be of the utmost advantage, as not only affording a stage for the exhibition of the more beautiful plants, but also every possible convenience for the object in view.

Now take an infected plant, and carefully pick off all slugs, maybugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centi-

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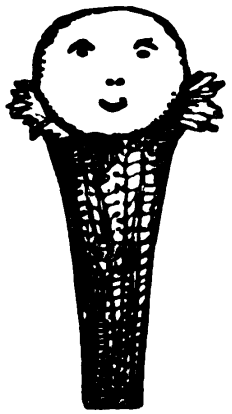
pedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, or other vermin, preparatory to casting them into the street. In this latter particular consists the difficulty, as well as advantage, of the mode proposed. There are two points to observe: firstly, to seize the proper moment when some passenger, or passengers, shall be passing below; and, secondly, to cast your slugs, may-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, and other nasty insects, with such a nicety, that they shall alight upon the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c. &c., of the party, or parties, beneath. Above all, the opportunities afforded by milk-pails, porter-pots, beer-cans, bakers' baskets, butchers' trays, &c., must not be neglected—as ensuring the effectual destruction or absorption of the obnoxious animalculæ. A little daily practice will give the dexterity required. Some persons advise the operation to be performed in wet weather, as thereby the slugs, may-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, and other nasty insects, will be more likely to adhere to the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c. &c., of the persons on whom they are conferred. Either way, the beneficial tendency of the plan will be obvious, on reflecting that the troublesome animalculæ, &c., are thus most probably carried off to distant private houses, lodging-houses, counting-houses, receiving-houses, wholesale houses, public-houses, eating-houses, green-houses, or the Houses of Parliament, so as to provide against the insects returning to the place from whence they came. The mode will be found peculiarly grateful to those persons whose extreme sensibility revolts at the deprivation of life, even amongst the minute tribes in question.



THE PRIZE HOBBY.

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Rule the Third.

To water Plants so that none of the Moisture may be wasted or lost.

The same situations as above recommended will be proper in this case; except that where there is no balcony, an area must be dispensed with. A plentiful supply of water is the grand desideratum; if not laid on in the house, it will be advisable to

"POUR MARY ANNE!"

remove to the neighbourhood of a public pump. For plants—prefer Hydrangeas. "Persons who have plants in rooms, most generally injure them with too much water, in which respect the Hydrangea is very accommodating, it requiring a good supply." Choose a fine day. The best implement is a watering-pot, with

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the rose off, but you may use any jug, mug or pitcher, with a good pour, provided it is large enough to hold at least two quarts of fluid. The most careful hand, however, with the best implement, is apt to spill in watering, by overshooting or undershooting the mark; or in cases of mental abstraction, by aiming at quite a different object. Short-sighted persons have even been known to mistake artificial flowers for the real. In all such instances, particularly in dry seasons, or neighbourhoods ill supplied, it becomes a public duty to provide that all such extra spirts, squirts, spouts, gushes, splashes, jets, souses, and even the very drippings and dribbles, shall be received in quarters that will be duly sensible of the benefit. "Nothing adds more to the charms of Horticulture, than that amenity or kindly feeling which inculcates the importance of a liberal participation of one another's superfluities." Such superfluities will particularly be apt to arise when plants are troubled with insects, to remove which a certain dashing style of watering is necessary, approaching to what is vulgarly termed "slushing," or "sloshing," or "slowsing," or "squashing," and from which a very considerable superabundance will always accrue. A liberal economy will dictate, therefore, to perform the act only at such moments, and in such directions, as will be sure to bestow the excess of fluid on proper objects. Thus, supposing the plant under treatment to be a large Hydrangea, it may be quite possible, while directing a sufficient stream on its head, to perform the same office with the over-abundant fluid, on "Taylor's Glory" or "London Pride." The following varieties, all common to the metropolis, may also be expected to participate, viz.—Runners, Creepers, and "Stove-Climbers" of different kinds: Cockscombs, Narcissus, Adonis, Maiden's Hair, Painted Ladies, Columbines, Turk's Caps, "Natives of the North of Europe," Sun-Flowers, Old Man, Pinks, Honesty, Thrift, the Sensitives, the Fly-Catchers, Major Convolvulus, and Virginia Stock.

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N.B. Hot-Water, Tar-Water, Lime-Water, Infusions of Tobacco, and other medicated waters, may be used with equal, or even greater advantage to the health of the plants. The Syringe may be used occasionally for a change.

POT-LUCK.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH.

"Drip, drip, drip—there's nothing here but dripping."
Remorse, by Coleridge.

TREMBLING, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk, before the Fall,
So stand I here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call:
How like our predecessor's luck!
'Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck!

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Still thoughts of gasping like a pup
Will paralyse the nervous pow'r;
Now hoping it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling show'r;—
But, ah! the shrinking body loathes,
Without a parapluie or clothes!

OPERATION FOR THE CATARACT.

"Expect some rain about this time!"
My eyes are seal'd, my teeth are set—
But where's the Stoic so sublime
Can ring, unmov'd, for wringing wet?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them try *the whole cold pig!*

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"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."

ODE TO J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., M.P.

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Steady, boys, steady."—SEA SONG.

"*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking*; and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water; so, my Friend, so; whip me off this Glass neatly, bring me hither some Claret, a full weeping Glass till it run over!"—RABELAIS.

"Now, seeing that every vessel was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would half befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hogsheads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flaggons, Bottles, and Tankards as you will beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice

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grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his mouth; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day."—RABELAIS.

O, Mr. Buckingham, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty.
On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
When after (I must say) much Temperance swaggering
You issue a Report,
That's staggering!

Of course you labour'd without drop or sup,
Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
Some men might think indeed,
A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.
For instance, was it quite a sober plan
On such a theme as drunkenness to trouble
A poor old man,
Who could not e'en see single, much less double?
Blind some six years,
As it appears,
He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
A flaming picture of a flaming palace
Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice
And then (the banter is not bad),
Thinks fit to add,
You really should have seen it to believe it.*

* What is your occupation?—My occupation has been in the weaving line; *but having the dropsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*
2734. Did you not once see a gin-shop burnt down? *About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to

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That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
A man that is himself walks in a line,
One, not himself, goes serpentine,
And as he rambles,
In crablike scrambles,
The while his body works in curves,
His intellect as surely swerves,
And some such argument as this he utters,
" While men get *cut* we must have cutters,
As long as Jack will have his rum,
We must have pink, corvette, and bomb,
Each sort of craft
Since Noah's old raft,
Frigate and brig,
Ships of all rig,
We must have fleets, because our sailors swig,
But only get our tars to broths and soups,
And see how slops will do away with sloops!
Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
And then what need has England of a navy?" *

Forgive my muse; she is a saucy hussy,
But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy,
And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
The man who entertains so strange a notion
Of governing the ocean,
Has been but half seas over.

throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner; at three corners there were gin-shops, and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern; for you could not get round the corner at all, it was so thronged that *a man could not believe it unless he saw it.*

* 3893. *I, temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships?*—It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.

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Again: when sober people talk
On soberness, would not their words all walk
Straight to the point, instead of zig-zag trials,
Of both sides of the way, till having crost
And crost, they find themselves completely lost
Like gentlemen,—rather cut—in Seven Dials?
Just like the sentence following in fact:
"Every Act *
Of the Legislature," (so it *runs*) "should flow
Over the bed,"——of what?—begin your guesses.
The Bed of Ware?
The State Bed of the May'r?

One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.
A parsley bed?
Of cabbage, green or red?
Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?
A spare-bed with a friend—one full of fleas?
At Bedford, or Bedhampton?—None of these.
The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?
A Kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?
Of church-yard clay,
The bed that's made for ev'ry mortal liver?
No—give it up,—all guessing I defy in it,
It is the bed of "Truth,"—"inspired" forsooth,
As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth
She'd *lie* in it!
Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid, come,
Didn't that metaphor want "seeing home?"

* 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the Divine command?—I do; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.

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What man, who did not see far more than real,
Drink's beau ideal,—
Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives.
In these hard times,
The source of half his crimes
Is going into gin-shops changing fives! *
Whate'er had wash'd such theoretic throats,
After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
And, perhaps, a gulp of soda—did not *they*
All change their notes?

"CAN I HAVE A BED HERE?"

Suppose, mind, Mr. B., I say, suppose
You were the landlord of the Crown—the Rose—
The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
The Devil and the Bag of Nails,

* 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing 5*l.* notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns?—Very rarely; *I should think a 5l. note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

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The Crown and Thistle,
The Pig and Whistle,
Magpie and Stump—take which you like,
The question equally will strike;
Suppose your apron on—top-boots,—fur cap—
Keeping an eye to bar and tap,
When in comes, muttering like mad,
The strangest customer you ever had!

Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,
And calling for a go of nothing,
He thus accosts you in a tone of malice:
"Here's pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass—What not?
Zounds! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you've got
Beats Buckingham Palace!

It's not to be allowed, Sir; I'm a Saint,
So I've brought a paint-brush, and a pot of paint,—
You deal in Gin, Sir,
Glasses of Sin, Sir;
No words—Gin wholesome!—You're a story-teller—
I don't mind Satan standing at your back,
The Spirit moveth me to go about,
And paint your premises inside and out,
Black, Sir, coal black,
Coal black, Sir, from the garret to the cellar.

I'll teach you to sell gin—and, what is more,
To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
I'll paint a Great Death's Head upon your door—
Write underneath it, if you please—Old Tom!" *

* 8006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's head and cross-bones over the door?—I wish they would do even so much.

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Should such a case occur,
How would you act with the intruder, Sir?
Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
But after hearing him proceed thus far,
(Mind—locking up the bar)
You'd seek the first policeman near,
"Here, take away this fellow, here,
The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow!"

If I may ask again—between
Ourselves and the General Post, I mean—
What was that gentleman's true situation
Who said—but could he really stand
To what he said?—"In Scottish land
The cause of Drunkenness was education!" *

Only, good Mr. Buckingham, conceive it!
In modern Athens, a fine classic roof,
Christened the *High* School—that is, *over proof!*
Conceive the sandy laddies ranged in classes,
With quaichs and bickers, drinking-horns and glasses,
Ready to take a lesson in Glenlivet!

Picture the little Campbells and M'Gregors,
Dancing half fou', by way of learning figures;
And Murrays,—not as Lindley used to teach—
Attempting verbs when past their parts of speech—
Imagine Thompson, learning A B C,
By O D V.
Fancy a dunce that will not drink his wash,—
And Master Peter Alexander Wedder
Invested with a medal
For getting on so very far-in-tosh.

* 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population?—One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

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Fancy the Dominie—a droughty body,
Giving a lecture upon making toddy,
Till having emptied every stoup and cup,
He cries, "Lads! go and play—the school is up!"

To Scotland, Ireland is akin
In drinking, like as twin to twin,—
When other means are all adrift,
A liquor-shop is Pat's last shift,
Till reckoning Erin round from store to store,
There is one whiskey shop in four.*
Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
Not seeing most particularly clear,
Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner,
By shutting up the publican and sinner
With pensions each of fifty pounds a year?†
Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

To men of common gumption,
How strange, besides, must seem
At this time any scheme
To put a check upon potheen's consumption,
When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
Instead of framing *more* laws,
To pauperism, if you'd give a pegger,
Don't check, but patronise their "Kill-the-Beggar!"‡

* 3804. Did you observe the drinking of spirits very general in Ireland?—In Ireland I think, upon a moderate calculation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

† 773. Now, suppose we were to give 50*l.* a-year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief)——

‡ 794. We have in our neighbourhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called "Kill-the-Beggar."

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If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*,
(Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in)
Would any Christian man—that's quite himself,
His wits not floor'd, or laid upon the shelf—
While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
Would he deprive him of his "Corduroy!" *

Would any gentleman, unless inclining
To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder,
"BEWARE OF TWINING?"
Are tea-dealers, indeed, so deep-designing,
As one of your select would set us thinking.
That to each tea-chest we should say Tu Doces,
(Or doses,)
Thou tea-chest drinking? †

What would be said of *me*
Should I attempt to trace
The vice of drinking to the high in place,
And says its *root* was on the *top o' the tree?* ‡
But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
To say how high potheen might have a *run*. §

* 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed "Corduroy."

† 798. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight: but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.

788. It is a well known fact, that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.

‡ 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing among the lower classes, originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favourite drink?—I attribute a very large portion of the evil arising from the use of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes; the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.

§ 759. What do you mean by the phrase run?—It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen.*

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What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
I told you that a lady friend of mine,
By only looking at her wine
Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo? *
Would you not ask of me, like many more,—
"Pray, Sir, what had the lady had before?"

THE FLUSHING EXPEDITION.

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,—
A rum cask bursting in a blaze,—
Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If running all about the deck I roar'd
"I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?"
Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,

* 4627. A lady informed me lately, that in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, generally flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

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While hitching up his tarry trowser,—
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, Sir,
If I should bellow with redoubled noise,
"Then sit upon the bung-hole, broth of boys?" *

When men—the fact's well known—reel to and fro,
A little what is called how-come-you-so,
They think themselves as steady as a steeple,
And lay their staggerings on other people—
Taking that fact in pawn,
What proper inference would then be drawn
By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,
Should anybody cry,
To some one going by,
"O fie! O fie! O fie!
You're drunk—you've *nigh* had *half a pint of ale!*" †

One certain sign of fumes within the skull
They say is being rather slow and dull,
Oblivious quite of what we are about—
No one can doubt
Some weighty queries rose, and yet you missed 'em,
For instance, when a doctor so bethumps
What he denominates "the forcing system,"
Nobody asks him about *forcing-pumps!* ‡

* 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay?—Holding a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; *and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him*, and it would have put it out.

† 4282. Do many young men visit those houses?—A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about twelve months ago, waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

‡ 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

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Oh say, with hand on heart,
Suppose that I should start
Some theory like this,—
"When Genesis
Was written—before man became a glutton,
And in his appetites ran riot,
Content with simple vegetable diet,
Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,

SINKING IN SIGHT OF PORT.

His spinach without lamb—carrots sans beef,
'Tis my belief
He was a polypus, and I'm convinc'd
Made other men when he was hash'd or minc'd,"—
Did I in such a style as this proceed,
Would you not say I was *Farre gone* indeed? *

* 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis? Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal.—*Viae Evidence of Dr. Farre.*

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Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
How sober it would look in public eyes,
For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges
When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders, arsons,
To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke, or Park, *
Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark,
"These sentences must pass, howe'er I'm pang'd,
You, Brandy, must return—and Rum the same—
To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came—
Gin! Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
Your spirit jointly will despatch—
Whiskey, be hang'd!"

Suppose that some fine morning,
Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
I gave the following as public warning,
Would there not be sly winking, coughs and sneezes?
Or dismal hiss of universal scorn.
"My brethren, don't be born,—
But if you're born, be well advised—
Don't be baptised.
If both take place, still at the worst
Do not be nursed,—
At every birth each gossip dawdle
Expects her caudle;
At christenings, too, drink always hands about,
Nurses will have their porter or their stout,—
Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin,—
All washerwomen make a stand for gin—

* 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King's Counsellor at every assize, to denounce all customary use of distilled spirit as the great excitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

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If you're a minister—to keep due stinting,
Never preach sermons that are worth the printing, *
Avoid a steam-boat with a lady in her, †
And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner, ‡

A BARROWNET.

Never run bills, or if you do don't pay, §
And *give* your butter and your cheese away,— ‖
Build yachts and pleasure-boats if you are rich,
But never have them launched or payed with pitch, ¶
In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
Don't die!" **

* 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another.—*By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

† 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steam-boat jaunts, is lamentable.

‡ 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperate society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

§ 1635. It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

‖ 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

¶ 4640. The launching bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from 2*l.* to 10*l.*, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving bowl is given to the journeymen after a vessel is payed with tar.

** 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.

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Did I preach thus, Sir, should I not appear
Just like the "parson much bemused with beer?"

Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gather'd,
But here, alas! by space my pen is tether'd,
And I can merely thank you all in short,
The witnesses that have been called in court,
And the Committee for their kind Report,
Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
With which you must not quarrel,
'Tis based in charity—*That men are brothers,*
And those who make a fuss,
About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

THE FATAL BATH.

It is seldom that medical men are of accord in their theories: the differences of doctors have, indeed, passed into a proverb; but if there be any one point on which their opinions entirely harmonise, it is on the propriety of bathing with an empty stomach. The famous Doctor Krankengraber, in his most famous book, called "Immersion deeply Considered," forbids, under all kinds of corporeal pains and penalties, the use of the cold bath, after the mid-day meal. "Take it," he says emphatically, "as you value your life, health, and consequent peace, comfort, and happiness, by all means before, before, before dinner." It is a high authority to set up against; and yet if the pen were my professional implement instead of the sword—could I write treatises, as eloquently as the learned Esculapian,—I would cry to the ends of the earth, bathe, as you love yourself, or love any one else,—as you love the precious meal itself

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—bathe *after*, *after*, *after* dinner! Let the candid reader decide between us.

It is now nearly twenty years since I met the lovely and fascinating Christina F——, now, alas! Christina Von G——, at our Casino Ball. I had only the happiness of dancing one waltz with her—but what a waltz it was! It never left off! She had completely turned my head—not one turn from right to left, or otherwise; but she had set it spinning for ever! Like the har-

FOND OF BATHING.

monious everlasting revolutions of the planets, was that dance with its music in my memory. All the rest of the night, or at least the few hours of morning slumber allowed me by my military duties, that ineffable whirl, with the same bright angel for my partner, went on in a dream.

Every one who happened, like myself, to be abroad in Coblentz, on the first of May, 1835, must recollect the remarkable whirlwind of that date, and its memorable effects. I saw it come down the Moselle, twirling round a jackdaw or two, some

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hides of leather, linen, and other articles, caught up in its vortex; and then, passing over the Rhine towards Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, where I was then quartered, it disappeared in the direction of Ems. But it left its mysterious influence behind. After gazing for a moment at the place where it had vanished, all of a sudden, striking up a popular air in a whistle, a countryman caught hold of a woman who happened to stand near him, and compelled her, with gentle violence, to revolve with him in the national dance. The hint took. A second pair began to

HE-DIP-US—TYRANNUS.

turn—a third—the infection spread—each caught hold of a neighbour, male or female,—till in the space of a few minutes, soldiers, officers, civilians, carmen, marketwomen, ladies, maid-servants, barge-masters, peasants, old or young, were all spinning. There was not an individual to be seen on either bank, or on the bridge, but was engaged in the universal waltz!

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Alas! the lovely Christina was to me as that tornado! She not only made me whirl myself, but everything else to whirl round me. My thoughts flowed in circles: I could never project them in a straight line to any given point. I was a human humming-top, always humming that one dear air by Zirkel that I had danced to. My brain became dizzy and giddy—the earth reeled beneath me, the sky spun round above me. In short, I was eddying in endless circles in that Maelstrom of Passion called Love.

The discovery of my state was so sooner made than I strove to collect my senses, and soberly review the past, in order to estimate my chance of eventual bliss. I recalled the affable smile, the frank hand, the tender glance, of Christina; and especially her ready "Ja! ja!" to everything I said. I remembered the gracious expressions of her mother, with whom I had also danced, even to the use of the affectionate "thou," as though I were her son elect. I thought of the benevolent smile of her father, as I touched glasses with him:—and above all, I knew that I possessed more than that minimum of revenue, without which officers of the Prussian army are forbidden to become Benedicts. Everything was in my favour. Hope herself assumed the face and figure of Christina, and, consenting to dance with me, I began spinning again worse than ever. We waltzed now by wholesale,—Christina, myself, her mother and father, all her relations, and all mine, in one great family circle!

In the meantime my military duties were not fulfilled in the best manner for hastening my promotion: I became the standing joke of the standing army, at least of such part of it as garrisoned Coblentz. When the band struck up on the Parade I began to revolve. I gave the word of command "Waltz!" instead of "Wheel!" On another occasion, when Captain Stumbké, at his rejoining the regiment, approached to embrace me, I seized

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him by the waist and actually turned him round in presence of the whole battalion! Never was such a delirium! But it was too sweet to last. One morning the telegraph on Ehrenbreitstein, with its arms all abroad, began to make signals; which my fond fancy merely converted into an invitation to the other telegraph on the top of the Palace, to come and waltz with it: there was, however, a darker purport in its motions. Our battalion was ordered to Posen!

I had danced into delight, and was now doomed to march out of it. On consideration, I determined to break my mind to Christina before I went; but no opportunity offered, and with my heart broken instead of my mind, I turned my back to Coblentz and the treasure it contained. My waltzing was over. One good turn deserves another, but, in doubt whether that good turn would ever come, I went on, without a single spin, to our journey's end.

I found the Polish city the same that I had left it; but every trace of gaiety was gone. I still went, it is true, to balls where waltzes, gallopes, and mazurkas were danced; but I went in boots up to my knees. I had made a vow never to waltz again; and was keeping it better than vows are generally observed, when an event occurred that set me spinning again as fast as ever!—It was Christina herself, who entered the ball-room in the train of the Princess L*****! I could have eaten my long boots without sauce! At any rate I wished them successively on the legs of every ugly villain that danced with her. To go the whole length of a confession, I almost wished her a mild sprained ankle herself! It went against me to look on; and as fast as the giddy pair whirled one way, as swiftly in mere contrariness I seemed to spin with a reverse motion. Formerly I was a happy humming-top; I was now a whipping-top, lashed by the unsparing hand of jealousy till I reeled again! Possibly I should have ended, like certain rotary fireworks, with

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an explosion,—at all events I should have flown off to my quarters, when a few gracious words from the Princess converted the centrifugal into a centripetal impulse. It was an invitation to a dinner and ball on the succeeding Sunday, at which my former partner would be present. Christina herself condescended to express pleasure in the prospect of meeting me there; and when I ventured to solicit her promise, engaged herself to dance with me, as I fancied, with a slight blush. Gracious heavens! how I spun!—or else I had become conscious of the earth's revolution! I whirled home without feeling my long boots, or the legs that were in them,—I was a spirit,—something ethereal—a zephyr waltzing with a zephyr, in a gentle whirlwind, that carried us up, spirally, even into the seventh heaven! Again Christina and Hope were one and the same person. I went to bed, and dreamt that having offered in a waltz, and been accepted in a waltz, we waltzed off to the altar together.

Never were six such long days invented as ushered in the blessed Sunday. However, they were so tedious that they wore themselves out at last; and exactly as the clock struck three,—lovers are never late—I found myself at the Chateau, or rather in its Park, in which, having come too early, I preferred to amuse myself till the company arrived. I should have been in time if my horse had walked; but he had galloped:—I seemed destined to prove in my own person that in much haste there is little speed.

The weather was warm, and I was still warmer; my face, as I looked at it, in a secluded lake, to which I had sauntered, was as hot and flushed as if I had just waltzed with a bear. I looked at my watch, and then at the water, blue as the sky itself, and studded with snow-white lilies;—the very reeds bowed invitingly, and seemed to whisper, "Pray, walk in!" It was irresistible. In a trice, I was stripped, and luxuriating in the

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cool element. After lingering a little at the brim to enjoy an air bath. I struck out towards the middle, now diving like a wild duck, and then springing like a trout, or sailing away after a prize lily. 'Twas delicious!—lovely nameless Naiad!—thanks for that refreshing embrace! Thanks for the present of those white porcelain lily cups! Thanks for the vocal melody of thy

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

reeds! A thousand thanks for that liquid, azure, heaven!—but, oh!—a thousand thousand, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, decillions of thanks backwards—yea, hot, fervent, earnest, and bitter maledictions for all the rest!

"The Leech was sent, but not in mercy there!"

The first step I made out of the water disclosed my fate! Sharp as is the bite of the blut-egel on land, when we are, perhaps, nervously expecting it, I had never noticed it in swimming;

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partly from a certain chilly numbness, partly from the constant muscular exertion, and partly from the frequent pricking of the broken reeds. A glance sufficed. There they were, a set of cuppers on each calf! As yet I could scarcely have lost a thimbleful of the vital fluid; but I felt as faint, as sick, and as ready to fall full length on the ground, as if I had lost quarts of it!

The first dinner-bell sounded. It was no time to be nice, and I tore off one or two of the blood-suckers by force; but the flow of gore that followed proved to me that I had better have left them alone. Then I tried to shake them off by dancing, and had they been each a tarantula, they could not have bitten me into more frantic capering. But they held on like sailors in a storm. I looked at my legs and raved! I thought of Christina and groaned! In the folly of desperation I gnashed my teeth at the leeches, and shook my fist at them, and then, trying my very useless powers of persuasion, I apostrophised them, "Suck, suck, suck, ye vipers!—suck! suck! suck! suck!" But the vipers were in no such hurry as mine; they pumped on quite composedly, and seemed only intent on filling out every wrinkle of their skins, in order that I might admire the detestably beautiful pattern down their abominable backs! I all but blasphemed! I cursed the weather, the water, the lilies, the leeches, and then my own self for going in,—and still more for coming out. I never thought of the cramp, or I should have cursed it too for not seizing me in the middle of the lake!

The second bell sounded—like a deathbell:—and there was I, as effectually pinioned and fastened to the spot by a few paltry vermin, as Gulliver by the Liliputians. Methought I beheld my empty chair on one side of Christina, and, on the other, a hatefully well-made fellow, with an odious handsome face, and a disgustingly sweet voice and manner, endeavouring to make amends for my absence. I stormed, raved, tore my

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hair, and even wept for vexation. In the paroxysm of my despair, I prayed for wooden legs!

Hitherto the sounds from the Chateau had nothing personal in their character; but, now, they pointedly addressed themselves to me. First I heard the clang of a gong; then the flourish of a hunting horn; next the recal upon the bugle; and, finally, a general shout, in which my distempered fancy seemed to detect the clear sweet voice of Christina above all the rest! I wonder, with water so handy, I did not commit suicide. But a sort of resignation, very different from the marble Resignation which typified Count Pfefferheim leaning over his departed lady, had taken possession of me. It was grim and gloomy—I had resolved to try patience, a catholicon plaster efficacious in every possible case, with the sole drawback that nobody can get it to stick on. For my own part, I soon gave up the remedy. I happened to remember the trouble I endured, when I really wanted leeches, to make them bite, and I could emulate Job no longer. I wished—in such ecstasies we do not look before we leap in wishing,—that I had been affected with Hydrophobia, ere that fatal bath — that I had been turned into a serpent at Schlangenbad, or boiled to rags in the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden!

At last the clangour ceased; but in lieu of it, I heard the servants running about beating the wood for me, and calling me by name. If I had been wise I should have answered;—but I was now worked up to the frenzy fit of nervousness; I felt my situation, except in my own eyes, sufficiently ludicrous;—and I dreaded lest some mischievous wag, or, perhaps, rival, should delight to exhibit me in a ridiculous light to Christina. In truth, I should have been, if discovered, a laughable figure enough. To save time eventually, I had dressed myself so far as I could—conceive, then, a gentleman, in full uniform above, even to his cocked hat, but below perfectly bare-legged, with

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three leeches hanging to one limb, and four to the other! I should think no criminal ever felt more anxious of concealment than I did as I took refuge amongst the tallest reeds!

To pass the time, I had no better amusement than to watch the leeches, how they swelled and filled, and finally rolled off, gorged with my precious blood, a pailful of which I would rather have shed for my country at any convenient time and place! And Christina—what could she think of my absence? Why,

A FINISHED DRAWING.

she could only look upon me, as I looked on my leeches, with aversion and disgust,—whilst her infernal neighbour, the Colonel, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Guard, for such I painted him, became every moment more agreeable. Of the

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next five minutes I have no mental record; my impression is, that I was stark, staring, raving, rampant, mad!

At length the last of my tormentors fell off!—and when he touched the ground, as I had served all his fellows, I weaned him with a stone from ever sucking again. It was a poor revenge, for, after death, they bequeathed to me a new misery. The blood would not cease flowing, even though I plucked all the nap off one side of my hat to apply to the wounds. I forgot how it would look afterwards stripped of its felt. I was famished besides—but my cruellest hunger was in my heart. Oh! Christina!—It seemed an age, ere at last I dared to creep gingerly into my white kerseymeres! My watch marked it to have been but three hours!

I returned to the Chateau at the pace of a hearse; fearing to put one foot before the other, and looking sharply every other step at my legs. As for the anticipated celestial waltz — I seemed doomed to make one of that dreary corps of long visaged gentlemen who prefer to look on. I arrived, however, stainless, spotless, — only I was obliged to keep one side of my hat to myself. An attempt was made to rally me on my absence; but my excuse of having lost myself in the forest passed off very currently, and a tray was ordered for my refreshment. But I was unable to eat a morsel; I could only

"I WISH I COULD SELL OUT!"

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fill a glass of wine to pledge Christina, who had not shown any sign of resentment; on the contrary, she appeared to commiserate my wanderings in the wild woods. In the mean time the ball began. As I entered the room, in a blaze of light, I *fancied* that every eye was directed towards my legs: my head swam and for a minute I seemed waltzing with the whole assembly at once! Christina looked twice reproachfully towards me, ere with the air of a matrimonial martyr saluting his destined bride, I went up and claimed her hand. The music struck up; we began to waltz, at least *she* did, turning me round with her, as though she had been practising the dance for the first time with a lay-figure. Stiffly and coldly as I moved, me-thought I felt the circulation in every vein and artery becoming more and more rapid from even such gentle exercise. At last the whirl ceased, and we sat down again side by side. How I wished for the despised long boots up to the knees, in which I might have chatted at my ease! It was impossible. I never opened my lips except to say yes and no, in the wrong place; sometimes where I should have answered I was mute. One little stain of the slightest possible tinge of crimson, which no eye but my own would have detected, absorbed my whole soul. I was suffering the unspeakable tortures of the murderer, conscious that his secret blood-guiltiness was on the eve of coming to light!

The gentle Christina, after the first waltz, in consideration perhaps of my supposed long ramble in the forest, had expressed her intention of not dancing any more during the evening; a little stir now made me look, and—the fiends seize him!—a tall handsome Colonel, in the splendid dress uniform of the Royal Guard, exactly such a figure as my jealous fancy had formerly depicted, was leading her out to dance! The music played a waltz. They turned, they spun, they flew round, in each other's arms—giving me a turn also till my very

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soul became sick and dizzy! My eyes grew dim,—I could no longer see—but I heard her frequent "ja! ja! ja!" and her light laugh!

CROSSED IN LOVE.

I wish Doctor Krankengraber could have seen the plight I was in at that moment, merely through bathing, according to his detestable rule. Oh that he could have felt my burning temples, my throbbing pulse, my palpitating heart. Had that floor before me been a pond, I verily believe I should have practically illustrated his "Immersion deeply Considered" with my pockets full of stones. I once or twice endeavoured to catch the eye of Christina, but in vain. I addressed her, and she looked as coldly on me as one of our kachel-ofens* on a born Englishman!

I would fain have sought an explanation; but this haughty treatment sealed my lips. I no longer attributed her estrangement to any other cause than the imputed fickleness of the sex. Muttering something to the Princess about indisposition I left her ball, without blessing it, and flew home. Three days later I was again at her Chateau, determined to decide my fate.

* A German stove, cased with white tiles.

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Christina had quitted Posen! In two short months afterwards the Berlin Gazette informed me that she was married to a Colonel of the Royal Guard.

I never beheld her again: but a she-cousin of mine, who was her bosom friend and confidant, in after years thought proper, amongst other matters of feminine curiosity, to inquire on what grounds her unfortunate kinsman had been repelled. The answer she did me the favour to extract, and kindly sent it to me, by way of a correction, and a guide, probably, should I ever dream of addressing a lady again. The reader is welcome to partake of the document: it runs thus:—

"You ask me, dearest Bettine, why I did not like your cousin Albrecht? Under the seal of our sisterly confidence, I will frankly confess to you, that it was through no fault of mine. I will even own to something like a preference, up to that memorable evening at the Princess L.'s. I had there determined to watch him narrowly, to observe every light and shade of his character—and you know the result. Did you ever hear of the young Count Schönborn; and the egregious personal vanity which brought him to his fate? Suspected of correspondence with the revolted Poles, he disappeared, and according to the custom with deserters, a vilely daubed effigy, with his name at full length under it, was suspended on the public gallows. He was still skulking in disguise at Berlin, and might doubtless have effected his escape—but shocked at the libellous picture that professed to represent him, he was actually arrested one morning, at the first dawn of light, brush and palette in hand, painting up the odious portrait to something more resembling the personal attractions of the original! And now for our Albrecht. Conceive him sitting languishingly—a Narcissus without his pond—seeing nothing, admiring nothing, but his own certainly well-turned legs! Fancy him stretching them, crossing them, ogling them in all possible attitudes, taking back and front views of them, and along the

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outer or inner side. Imagine him coquetting with them, carelessly dropping a handkerchief over them, as if to veil their beauties; sliding his enamoured hand down them by turns,—and then, with great reluctance brought to dance on them, if dancing it might be called, so languidly, as if he feared to wear out the dear delicate limbs by the exertion. Suppose him afterwards relapsing into his former self-contemplation, so exclusively as to neglect the common politeness of an answer even to a question from a lady—and a lady to whom he professed to show particular attention. And now, dearest and best Bettine, you have my secret. It is very well to marry a man with handsome legs, but one would not choose to have them always running in his head.

"HERE'S A SLOP."

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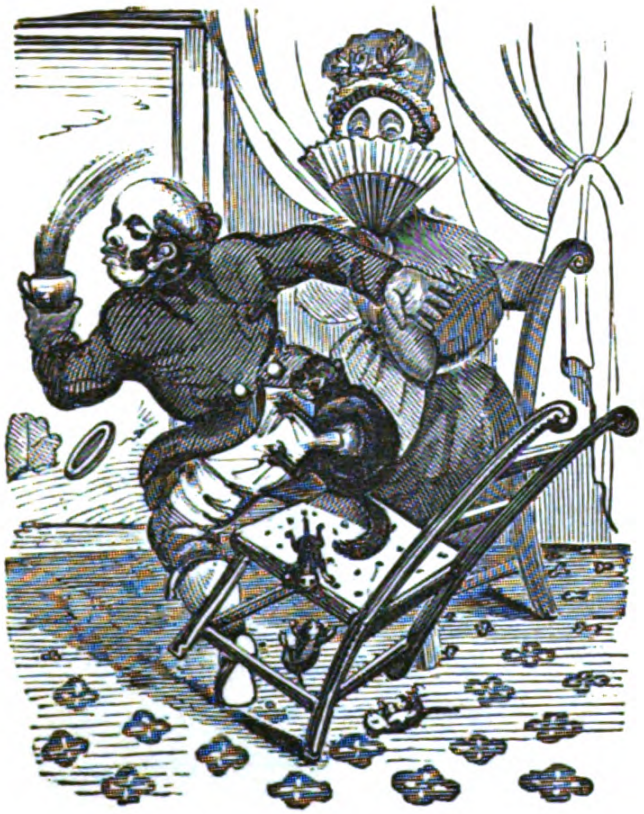

THE FAMILY SEAT.

THE UNITED FAMILY.

"We stick at nine."
MRS. BATTLE.

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to mine,
And thrice again,
To make up nine."
THE WEIRD SISTERS IN MACBETH.

How oft in families intrudes
The demon of domestic feuds,
One liking this, one hating that,
Each snapping each, like dog and cat,

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